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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

HE WHOM A DREAM HATH POSSESSED

He whom a dream hath possesed knoweth no more of doubting,
For mist and the blowing of winds and the mouthing of words he scorns:
Not the sinuous speech of schools he hears, but a knightly shouting,
And never comes darkness down, yet he greeteth a million morns.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of roaming;
All roads and the flowing of waves and the speediest flight he knows,
But wherever his feet are set, his soul is forever homing,
And going, he comes, and coming he heareth a call and goes.

He whom a dream hath possessed knoweth no more of sorrow,
At death and the dropping of leaves and the fading of suns he smiles,
For a dream remembers no past and scorns the desire of a morrow,
And a dream in a sea of doom sets surely the ultimate isles.

He whom a dream hath possessed treads the impalpable marches,
From the dust of the day's long road he leaps to a laughing star,
And the ruin of worlds that fall he views from eternal arches,
And rides God's battlefield in a flashing and golden car.

—*Shaemas O'Sheel.*

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"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXII THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1914. NUMBER 20.

A CHILD'S FUTURE

What will it please you, my darling, hereafter to be?
Fame upon land will you look for, or glory by sea?
Gallant your life will be always, and all of it free.

Free as the wind when the heart of the twilight is stirred
Eastward, and sounds from the springs of the sunrise are heard:
Free—and we know not another as infinite word.

Darkness or twilight or sunlight may compass us round,
Hate may arise up against us, or hope may confound;
Love may forsake us; yet may not the spirit be bound.

Free in oppression of grief as in ardour or joy
Still may the soul be, and each to her strength as a toy:
Free in the glance of the man as the smile of the boy.

Freedom alone is the salt and the spirit that gives
Life, and without her is nothing that verily lives:
Death cannot slay her: she laughs upon death and forgives.

Brightest and hardiest of roses anear and afar
Glitters the blithe little face of you, round as a star:
Liberty bless you and keep you to be as you are.

England and liberty bless you and keep you to be
Worthy the name of their child and the sight of their sea:
Fear not at all; for a slave, if he fears not, is free.

—*Swinburne.*

A writer in the *Continent* for January 1, E. W. Young, well says, "The church has no monopoly on religion and righteousness. If the church were to move out religion would rise up out of the heart of society. . . . That which is divinely given cannot perish, the false alone is doomed to death." Further along the writer asks the pertinent question: "Last year, when continental Europe bordered on universal war, who gave the powers pause, while the organized church was inactive, admired armies and rulers as the ordained servants of God?" The international Socialists, under the leadership of Herbe and the late Bebel, defied Europe and threatened a universal strike. Where the spirit of peace and co-operation most exists there is religion most in evidence and the spirit of the Nazarene most potent.

The return of Frederick Starr to his post at the University of Chicago from his investigating visit to Japan and Korea, is opportune. The course of lectures on Japan for which he was advertised in the extension work of the Abraham Lincoln Centre has been changed to a course on Mexico. Mr. Starr has long been an investigating student of Mexican life and politics. He has traveled extensively in that country and has written and published much. He is in possession not only of much academic knowledge secured from first hand studies, but of much personal acquaintance. The administration at Washington would do well to call Professor Starr into council. Mexico as well as the United States sorely needs the advice which only an expert like Professor Starr can give. We hope that the authorities in Washington will call this wise anthropologist and special student of Spanish-America into their councils.

Nothing is more important in public life in Chicago today than the conduct of the women in the face of their newly acquired power of suffrage. Great activity obtains among these new voters. The old party spirit and the excitement of partisan organizations is abroad among them. A lamentable lust of office is manifest in many directions. A readiness to plunge into the responsibilities of the city council and to assume the roll of law-makers is an indication of callow statesmanship and egotism untempered by experience. These traits of character and measures of strength are not more deplorable in women than in men, perhaps not nearly so manifest. But it is more obvious, and all right-minded women as well as men will pray for the wisdom that will enable them to start out on their voting career forewarned by the pitfalls into which the male voters have so often fallen. The hope of the city of Chicago now, as it always has been, is in the independent voter and the opportunity of independence is greatly enhanced by this army of new recruits untrained to partisanship, uncommitted to bosses and rings, committees, partisan rules and regulations. The fact that so many representative and leading women are keeping their heads in this emergency, and are keeping aloof from the corrupting methods of city politics, is a source of great encouragement. We cannot blame the women if they copy the political vices of the men, but we will greatly praise them if they can do better than some of their brothers, husbands and fathers are doing.

The article entitled "Prison Life by a Convict," in the *Outlook* for January 10, ought to be read by all the law givers from city council to the United States Senate. Here is a man who confesses his crime, acknowledges the justness of his sentence, and analyzes his experience in the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. He left the penitentiary with no personal ill feeling. His treatment has been no better, no worse

than that of others, but he studied, as he had a right to, from inside information, the system, the "breaking in of new men," and he leaves the place with "mental scars" that nothing can ever remove. He comes out worse than when he went in for having lived many months in an atmosphere of tyranny, in a cell infested with vermin; worse for many hopeless and monotonous hours with no occupation of the mind; worse for the lack of refining and helpful influences, and the presence of low, brutal and degrading influences which embittered him. But he comes out better because of many humane hearts nowise connected with the penitentiary, who offered him encouragement to take up the battle of life anew. We repeat his forceful question, "What are we going to do about this senseless procedure?" Surely there is a better way and there are those who are competent to lead in this better way if only the stupidity of officials, the tyranny of formulas, and worse than all, the cupidity of the grafting employes, the selfish public servants, those who wait upon the "appropriations" and are hungry for jobs, can be eliminated forever from our penal system.

China and Confucius

The Literary Digest for January 10 contains an article entitled "China Returning to Confucianism." Of course it quoted from contemporary Christian papers, one of them taking a discouraging view of the movement, one of them speaking of Confucianism as "A deadly philosophy of conduct." "State religion" of any kind is to be distrusted, possibly, for it is apt to be interpreted in terms of intolerance towards all other religions, but the teachings of Confucius, and perhaps still more the practice of the wise old prophet of politics, the man who lifted statesmanship into a devotion, has done much for China in the past, and there is much yet to be done. It matters not much in the fusion of religious teachings incident to culture and the growth of internationalism, whether the golden rule be ascribed to Jesus or to Confucius, or to any other of the sources where the principle is more or less clearly stated. The chief point is that the golden rule be enforced.

Next to Socrates, of all the great teachers of religion, Confucius has escaped the obscuration of miracles, the entanglement of supernatural claims, theological dogmas and ecclesiastical formulas. An intelligent, loving, devoted Confucianist is preferable, in China or out of China, to a shallow, unintelligible, unappreciative and formal Christian, because the former is a better "Christian" than the latter. There is more spiritual potency in a movement which seeks to elevate and perfect the religious life from within than in trying to graft upon the people an exotic in religion with a foreign phraseology. As in economics and commerce, it is wise to encourage home industries and improvements. When China brings its democracy up to the standards of its great law givers, when the analicts of Confucius, of Mencius and the philosophy of Lao-Tse are widely circulated and intelligently studied and popularly loved, then, like Felix in the New Testament, the Chinaman will be moved to say "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," and the Christian missionary can respond in the words of Paul, "Not almost, but altogether I would thou wert as I am, save these bonds." The bonds of prejudice, the bonds of blindness, the bonds that still obscure the truth that is to be found in all religions. The holy life is the same under all systems of religion and all the great teachers of religion have taught one gospel in varying forms, and that is the gospel of love and loyalty, of justice and reverence. Our chief anxiety should be that China should have *a* religion. If it can be made more potent let it be a "state" religion. Let us not be too anxious about the label.

Militant Reformers

The first annual meeting of the "Chicago Branch of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People" was held at Lincoln Centre last Sunday evening. Every seat was occupied before the hour of meeting and many were refused admittance on account of the ordinance prohibiting standing in the aisles. Judge E. O. Brown presided. Most encouraging reports of the growth of the association were given by the Secretary, Thomas W. Allinson. The leading speakers of the evening were Prof. Joel D. Spingarn of New York and Mr. Roger Baldwin of St. Louis. The audience was almost exclusively colored. The spirit was dominantly martial. The tone, particularly of the New York speaker, was aggressively militant. The summons was to battle, the call was for courage, to "stand up and defend one's rights." Even when the warfare was confessed to be one with non-tangible weapons, still the phraseology was that of the battlefield.

To a pacifist the evening, though so full of enthusiasm and heroic response, was a pathetic revelation of how deeply embedded in the very language of reform is the spirit of the pugilist. Ever the search for the new Jerusalem is a "march" and the workers for righteousness are marshalled into an "army" and the struggle for justice is a "fight."

That the colored people have a heavy burden of race prejudice and injustice to carry is too obvious. That the ends fought for in '61 to '65 and won on battlefields, and the victories sealed in congressional halls, are still far from being realized, is too sadly true. That there are depressing signs of reaction, and that in some quarters and on certain lines things seem to grow worse and not better, is also true. All

this, in the last analysis, only goes to show how inefficient those battle tactics were. How little of the "fight" was won by bayonets and cannon ball. 'Tis true that a reform of the statute books was achieved, that the constitution was amended, that a legal revolution was attained, but the blight of slavery still rested upon the white and the black. Generations of false pride, age long arrogance on the one hand and abject dependency on the other, remained. And so the real struggle for the true emancipation of black and white began. Fifty years have accomplished much, more than the impatient reformers of both colors are willing to admit or able to appreciate. But there is more to be done, and this triumph is not to be won by battle tactics. There is a demand for courage in a "fight," but there is a higher courage in the noble demand for patience, industry and persistence involved in the elevation of the injured race, and the education, not defeat, of the injuring race. Education is not a militant process. When battlefield tactics are transferred to the realm of ideas there is great danger of the same gross injustice that comes from handling humanity in bundles. The black men defended, at this meeting, were not all innocent sufferers and the white men denounced, not all culpable criminals.

The meeting was held in the ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, and Abraham Lincoln will pass down through the generations not as a great captain of war, but as a "Prince of Pardoners," the man who "had malice toward none and charity for all."

Notwithstanding the grim array of cruelties and wrongs visited upon the black race in the United States theirs is a most hopeful outlook. In the United States the race has reached its maximum. In the United States is found still their greatest opportunity, and perhaps in the Southern States, where once the masters bought, sold, fettered and lashed, is now their most golden opportunity. There, certainly, they have scored their greatest successes thus far, and in so far as they can be touched with the graces of the spiritual life, in so far as they can rise in the spiritual scale, and shame their oppressors by outdoing them, in the pacific fields, in so far as they become more self-reliant, refined, committed to the ideals of peace, returning good for evil, meriting the rights denied them, justifying the privileges vouchsafed them, in so far will they go on "conquering and to conquer." So far as battle tactics are necessary, it behooves their white friends to wage them, and the best friend of the black man, instead of churning within them the spirit of bitterness, and fostering the passions that in unguarded moments may explode into a violence that will perpetrate great wrongs, will comfort them by recounting their great achievements, by encouraging them to further endurance; helping them to realize that all progress is won by sacrifice, that it is better to be the wronged than the wronger, that the old proverb that "it is better to go to a house of mourning than to a house of feasting" has a profound sociological truth in it.

The colored race is on the upward march and their white kinsfolk are recognizing more and more their relationship. Let not those in whose veins the blood of white and black is unhappily commingled be unmindful of their double inheritance and its conflicting allegiance. It is the "soft answer that turneth away wrath." The most triumphant spirit in history is he who said, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Let those who profess to live in his name try to realize his spirit, to achieve his grace, or else worship at the altars, not of the meek and lowly Prince of Peace, but the grim God of War,—Mars in full planoply.

Music, Art, Poetry and Religion

Because there are feelings, emotions, hopes, ideals, visions, dreams, in music, art, poetry and religion, impossible to the intellect, it does not follow that they are not aided and augmented by intelligence. The great artists and the great religious teachers were men of intellectual power; for example, Socrates, Plato, Buddha, Jesus Christ, Michael Angelo, Shakespeare, Goethe, Spinoza, and Beethoven.

Music, art, poetry, and religion are not a certain doctrine, or formula of belief, but a spirit and a perfect form. They touch the imagination, clarify the emotions, they make vibrate the "innermost chords" of our being. Their instruments or qualities are melody, color, grace, beauty, prayer, profound and splendid ideals and aspirations; but they do not give us positive knowledge or teach us what is true. Truth is the fruit of intellectual labor, is matter of science and philosophy. Music, art, poetry, and religion are matters of the imagination, the emotions, the affections, and the will.

We cannot do without science and philosophy, for we must have exact truth; and we shall always need the highest music, art, poetry, and religion (that is, the music, art and poetry which are religions, and the religion which is beautiful), for we must have consolation, recreation, guidance and inspiration; and something that will free us from the growing and imperious demand for luxury.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE MOON.

Playthings my Betsey hath: the snail's cast shell,
Pebbles and small unripened pears; she dotes
On gentle things with furred or feathered coats,
A bunch of keys, a little brazen bell;
But none of these enticements please so well,
Nor pouring tea nor sailing paper coats,
As the rare moon that of an evening floats
In anchorage inaccessible.
On frost-bound nights a portly yellow moon
She kissed her hand to him before she slept,
The slim white stripling of an afternoon
In summer, still she longed for him and wept
Seeking to coax him down an elder wand,
For once, that she might hold him in her hand.

—Helen Parry Eden.

A GREAT CITIZEN

The Life of Gerrit Smith

By
Charles Edwin Perkins

Chapter I.

PETERBORO.

Judge Peter Smith, erstwhile storekeeper, Indian trader and fur dealer, in which last business he was partner with John Jacob Astor, founded Peterboro and established it as his family seat, in 1806. It is high among the hills of Madison County, New York, in a picturesque and even romantic spot. The town of Smithfield, in which it is situated, is part of an extensive tract of 50,000 acres, which extended from Onondaga County into Augusta, in Oneida County, purchased by Judge Smith from the Indians late in the eighteenth century.

The frame of the great house was raised in 1799, but it was not completed and occupied until the year first mentioned. At that date he moved thither with his family, from Whitesboro; and from that day to the present, the mansion, as it was called in the earlier years, has been the home of the Smiths and their descendants.

THE FOUNDER OF PETERBORO.

The Judge was an uncommonly interesting character. Without technical legal training, his wide experience and intimate knowledge of men, combined with his strict probity to make him an excellent magistrate.

He was a slaveholder, and father of the most noted abolitionist of the anti-slavery period. He was owner of stores and taverns in which intoxicating liquors were sold, and his son Gerrit was as devoted to the cause of temperance as to the cause of the enslaved. He was a close, shrewd man in any case involving financial advantage, and his son was all generosity, giving to good causes and to the poor and needy with a free-handedness unexampled in his day. He was of all things practical, and his son, while an excellent man of business, was an idealist of the most pronounced type.

Judge Smith was the subject of many anecdotes. One showing both his droll wit and keen judgment of human nature, is to this effect. A man not only poor but shiftless entered his land office on some errand, and being there dropped into a chair and watched the Judge, as with deftness and ease he handled his papers and dispatched his business. Finally he burst out with the abrupt question: "Judge Smith, what must I do to be a rich man?" The Judge looked him over and his eyes twinkled as he answered: "Well, sir, I think you must be born again!"

The story that follows gives a good idea of the Judge's business alertness. Among the extensive speculators in lands in the early years of the nineteenth century was the firm of Phelps & Gorham. And between those gentlemen, as between other large land buyers and Peter Smith, there was sometimes keen rivalry in attempts to get possession of choice parcels. On a certain occasion Judge Smith, being on his homeward journey from Albany, put up, as was his wont, at Johnny Post's tavern in Utica, a well-known place of entertainment "for man and beast." He went early to bed, and presently Messrs. Phelps and Gorham, on their way from Geneva to Albany, arrived at the same tavern and stopped for the night. They were given a room next that occupied by Judge Smith. The partition wall was thin, and the talk in which the two engaged after retiring was distinctly audible to their neighbor in the next room. And the subject of their talk, being a certain tract of land near Albany, which Smith had much desired to buy, but which he had hitherto supposed to be withheld from the market, at once and very decidedly interested him. He soon learned that Phelps and Gorham were on their way to Albany to consummate the purchase, the price which they were to pay being also mentioned.

At length the gentlemen the other side of the partition grew sleepy and conversation flagged. Soon their deep breathing announced their slumbers. Then did the Judge without noise slip out of bed, dress and make his way with care to the landlord's bedroom. Arousing that individual, he informed him that it was necessary for him to start back to Albany, as it had just come to him that an important part of his business there had not been attended to. His horse must be got ready at once.

Soon the horse was saddled and bridled and brought to the door. Smith mounted and quietly departed in the darkness. Reaching Herkimer soon after dawn, he changed horses and pushed on. He knew everybody along the road and had no difficulty in getting a fresh horse as often as the beast he bestrode showed signs of weariness, so that his progress was rapid. Meantime Messrs. Phelps and Gorham enjoyed a full night's rest, breakfasted leisurely and took the eastern road at a comfortable pace, presumably congratulating themselves on the assured fruits of their enterprise. Just west of Schenectady they were surprised to meet Judge Smith, who had been to Albany, secured the coveted tract of land and was returning in a highly satisfied frame of mind. The parties bowed, spoke and passed. The frame of mind into which Phelps and Gorham were thrown, when, on reaching Albany, they learned that their rival, Smith, had been ahead of them, was doubtless somewhat in contrast to his.

Peter Smith could talk fluently in the Indian dialect, and to this accomplishment, added to his unvarying friendliness in his intercourse with the Indians, was owing his succeess in securing from them large tracts of land. The Federal Government became at one time suspicious of his influence over the red men, and dispatched Gen. Timothy Pickering on a mission of investigation. The Oneidas were called together in great council and were addressed by the General, who employed his oratory in the task of breaking up the alliance between them and their friend. His arguments, however, suffered the very great disadvantage of having to be translated, phrase by phrase, into the native tongue by an interpreter. Mr. Smith followed in a speech of his own, every word of which the red men understood; and their friendship for Kasungalolus, as they had named him, remained unabated.[1] The Rev. Samuel Kirkland, the devoted and efficient missionary to the Indians and founder of Hamilton Oneida Institute, was present at this council, and vouched for the entire innocence of Judge Smith's re-

[1]The meaning of Kasungalolus, in the Oneida dialect, was *saw-mill.*

lations with the natives to Gen. Pickering, so that he returned satisfied.

Peter Smith had married Elizabeth Livingston, a daughter of Col. James Livingston of Revolutionary fame, through whose action in ordering the English brig "Vulture" to be fired on, in the absence of his chief, Gen. Washington, Major Andre was taken and Arnold's scheme of treason frustrated. Elizabeth Livingston was in most respects her husband's opposite; and it was from her that the son Gerrit inherited those traits which distinguished his character from that of his father in so marked a degree.

JUDGE SMITH'S FAMILY.

Six children were born to Peter and Elizabeth Livingston Smith, the second and the fifth of whom died in infancy. Those who survived were Cornelia Weintje, Peter Skenandoah, Gerrit and Adolphus Lent. Cornelia was born in Old Fort Schuyler (Utica), Dec. 17, 1792. She was married at Peterboro, Sept. 4, 1812, to Walter Livingston Cochran, son of Dr. John Cochran, Director General of Military Hospitals in the War of the Revolution, and his wife, Gertrude Schuyler, sister of Maj. Gen. Philip Schuyler. Mrs. Cochran died in Albany, Sept. 16, 1825, leaving eight children.

Peter Skenandoah, the third child of Peter and Elizabeth Livingston Smith, was born June 6, 1795. He married Ann Van Buskirk Prentiss, at Catskill, May 18, 1826, who died Jan. 13, 1834, leaving two children. By a second marriage, Dec. 20, 1836, he was united to Anna E. Cumming at Augusta, Ga. There were no children by this marriage. Peter Skenandoah died at Springfield, Mass., May 6, 1858.

Gerrit, the fourth child, was born in Utica March 6, 1797, in a new house built by his father, to which the family had moved shortly before his birth. This house, somewhat altered, is still standing. It is on Broad Street and is No. 118. The *New York Herald* published sketches of it in its issue of Jan. 24, 1904, and of the old brick fireplace and bake oven that had survived the changes. The neighborhood is now a district of factories.

The sixth and last child was Adolphus Lent, who was born Dec. 24, 1800, in Utica, and died in Peterboro Nov. 1, 1844. He was never married.

SKENANDOAH, THE WHITE MAN'S FRIEND.

A famous Oneida chieftain bore the name Skenandoah. He was warmly attached to Peter Smith, and the regard was mutual. Indeed, Judge Smith must have held his Indian friend in very high esteem, to be willing to attach so unusual a name to his own first-born son. It was, however, an honorable name. Skenandoah was a man of remarkable parts, of uncommon fidelity and of strong moral and Christian character. He deserves to rank, indeed, in the list of eminent representatives of the red race. He was believed by Gerrit Smith to have been 112 years old at the time of his death.

Skenandoah was buried at Clinton, at his own request, though he did not die at that place. He had been converted to Christianity through the efforts of that tireless servant of God, Rev. Samuel Kirkland, and desired to be buried near Mr. Kirkland, in order, as he said, that he might "go up with him in the great resurrection."

A generous hospitality was practiced in the Peterboro home by Judge Smith, though there was nothing of ostentatiousness. He lived much as an English squire of his day of large landed estates and with a wide county acquaintance might have lived. Among his frequent guests were Oneida Indians, his staunch old friends, and these were never permitted to feel that their visits were intrusive.

GERRIT SMITH AT SCHOOL AND COLLEGE.

Gerrit and his elder brother, Peter Skenandoah, were early sent to a school in Utica, which they attended until in January, 1813, then entered Hamilton Oneida Academy, at Clinton, Oneida County.[2]

Peter Skenandoah withdrew from school at the close of his term in the academy, and presently embarked in business. Gerrit passed from the academy to college, from which he was graduated in 1818. He was honored by being chosen as valedictorian of his class. His general standing in college may be gathered from a statement made in 1868 by Albert Barnes, the distinguished and widely known scholar. Addressing Gerrit Smith, in a public letter, he says:

> When, nearly forty-eight years ago, I became a student of Hamilton College, your name was more frequently referred to than that of any one who had graduated at that institution. You had preceded me by two or three years. You had received the highest honors in your class, and your high social position, your warm and generous nature and your acknowledged talents and scholarship, led to a universal expectation of a high career of honor and usefulness.

Elizabeth Livingston Smith died the day following Gerrit's graduation; and his wife's death so affected the Judge, that he placed his great business interests in the hands of his son Gerrit and retired to his early home in Schenectady, where his mother was still living. Gerrit was at this time about two and twenty. While arrangements were going forward for his assumption of the family estate, he was married to Wealthy Ann Backus, only daughter of Rev. Dr. Azel Backus, the first president of Hamilton College, whose death had occurred during Gerrit's sophomore year.

The young people began housekeeping in a modest dwelling near the family mansion; but hardly was the married life begun, when the bride sickened and died. She was but little past nineteen, sweet, lovable and highly intellectual. "None knew her but to love her," wrote her bereaved husband in his diary, concluding the sorrowful entry in which he recorded her death.

CHAPTER II.

SECOND MARRIAGE—ANN CARROLL FITZHUGH.

Several years later Mr. Smith entered into a second marriage, taking as his wife Ann Carroll Fitzhugh, of Hampton, Genesee Valley. She was one of five daughters, children of Col. William Fitzhugh, who had been, before coming to New York, a slaveholding planter, whose family seat was near Hagerstown, in Maryland. All the sisters married men of note. One became the wife of Dr. Frederick F. Backus, a scholar and physician of Rochester; another married John T. Talman, a well-known citizen of the same city; another Lieutenant, later Commodore

[2]Here is a bill showing the price of board and cost of tuition in the Utica school:

1810. May 3. Dr. Peter Smith, Esq., to Caleb Alexander.

To boarding his son Gerrit 12 6/7 weeks	$19.28
To paying Elisha Bugbee for mending his son Peter's shoes on 11th last December	.67
To the tuition of Gerrit last term	4.68
To cash for Gerrit's expense home	3.00

1810. May 5. Sent above amount in dft upon Mohawk Bank. (This in hand-writing of Peter Smith.)

Swift of the U. S. Navy, whose home was in Geneva; and the last became the wife of James G. Birney, the abolitionist.

The Fitzhughs are a family of very ancient lineage, counting many members of distinction in various fields, particularly in military service. An unbroken line of descent is traced from Harry, Lord Fitz-Hugh, who in the fourteenth year of Edward II was summoned to Parliament among the barons of the realm.

The first of the race to be concerned with America was William Fitzhugh of London, who was appointed by Charles I, in 1630, Crown Counsel for Virginia. The King patented to him a grant of 96,000 acres of land in the northern neck of Virginia. A number of the most celebrated homesteads of the Old Dominion occupy portions of this royal grant; among them the estates of Ravensworth in Fairfax County; Bedford, Eagles' Nest and Marmion in King George County; Belle Air, Boscobel and Chatham in Stafford County.

A son of the above, also a William Fitzhugh, was the first to become identified with America as a resident. He came to Virginia in 1670 and settled in Westmoreland County.

Among the earliest comers to western New York were several members of the Maryland branch of the Fitzhughs, viz.: Col. Peregrine, Col. William, and Dr. Daniel H. Fitzhugh. All three were sons of Col. William Fitzhugh, a distinguished soldier of the colonial wars and ardent patriot of the Revolution. Too far advanced in years to take the field, this Col. Fitzhugh encouraged his sons to enter the patriot army, and for himself accepted a seat in the Executive Council of Maryland, where he devoted his energies to furthering the wavering fortunes of his country. Col. Fitzhugh was a friend of Washington, and the Commander-in-chief was so secure in his sympathies that he freely unburdened his soul of the perplexities and difficulties of his tasks, in his correspondence with him.

The father of the second wife of Gerrit Smith was the second son of this Col. William Fitzhugh. Under age when he enlisted in the army of the Revolution, his gallantry was rewarded with a colonelcy in the cavalry division of the Maryland line. At the close of the war he was chosen to the Maryland legislature.

He made a journey to the Genesse Valley in 1800, in company with Col. Nathaniel Rochester, Major Charles Carroll and several others. With Major Carroll he purchased a tract of 12,000 acres of land on the Canaseraga creek in the towns of Groveland and Sparta. He also became a third owner in a lot comprising a hundred acres at the falls of the Genesee River, now the heart of the city of Rochester.

The promise of extended happiness in Gerrit Smith's second marriage was fully realized.[3] In love and faithfulness the twain walked together during the husband's lifetime, and in death they were not long divided, for the wife followed after a little more than two months, dying on her husband's birthday.

[3]Writing to his friend, Rev. Samuel J. May, June 4, 1858, Mr. Smith says: "You have been married 33 years, I 36 years. Your married life has been happy; mine has been inexpressibly so."

In one of the frequent tributes to his wife which he was in the habit of paying in rhyme, he expresses himself in these lines:

Still lives my dear Nancy—her slave I am still.
And tho' millions of slaves I have toiled to set free,
I confess I'd her slave still continue to be,
Her word still my law, her will still my will.

The rhyme bears the date Oct. 17, 1871.

Referring to this noble and lovable woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes in her autobiography:

"She was in all respects a fitting mate for her attractive husband. Exquisitely refined in feeling and manner, beautiful in face and form, earnest and sincere, she sympathized with him in all his ideas of religion and reform." She goes on to add: "There never was such an atmosphere of love and peace, of freedom and good cheer, in any other home I visited. This was the universal testimony of those who were guests of Peterboro. To go anywhere else after a visit there was like coming down from the divine heights."[4]

Young Dion Birney writes to Elizabeth Smith from his home in Saginaw, June 6, 1842, referring to a wedding then recent at Peterboro: "Peterboro is a grand place for love. I have often wondered why I did not fall in love myself while I was there, seeing so many fascinating creatures." It was under the roof of the Peterboro mansion that his father, James G. Birney, had become engaged to Miss Fitzhugh. There the learned, earnest and versatile Henry B. Stanton had courted and won the brilliant and equally earnest Elizabeth Cady, daughter of Judge Daniel Cady of Johnstown. And many another friendship inaugurated there evolved into love and marriage.

Referring again to Mrs. Stanton's praise of the presiding genius of Peterboro, she said no more than many others declared. The poet, W. H. Burleigh, e. g., after one of his visits left behind him these exquisite lines, giving his appreciation of the character of his hostess:

TO MRS. GERRIT SMITH

I can believe that spirit forms divine
Stand ever close to thine:
That not infrequent to thine eye is given
Glimpses and gleams of Heaven:
And falls seraphic music from the spheres
Upon thy listening ears:
While God's own peace with its serene repose,
Through all thy being flows!

That angels walked the earth in days of yore,
A fable seems no more:
I can believe that to the patriarch's tent
In shining garb they went,
Bearing a blessing to his bed and board
From the dear loving Lord;
And left, returning to their native sky,
A light that cannot die.

For all that in such myths seems loveliest
Is in thy life exprest!
The starry souls that walk the hills of light
Than thine are not more white.
Nor is their angel ministry, than thine,
More love-fraught and divine,
As *he* can tell, who names in one word, "Wife!"
The Angel of his life!

Another of the gifted Burleigh family, Celia Burleigh, contributed to the *Independent,* many years later (1870), her impressions of the Peterboro home. She calls her poem

FOUND

(Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. Gerrit Smith, Peterboro.)

To find an earthly paradise, 'tis said,
A band of Norseland youths forsook their home,
Pledged to the search till they, that fair land made,
Should furl their sails content, no more to roam.

Year after year they drifted o'er the seas—
Tried many a shore, encountered many a woe,
Till youth fell from them, and the dire disease
Of age had changed their flame-bright locks to snow.

[4]"Eighty Years and More," page 55.

The earthly paradise was still ungained;
And yet, expectant, through the waning days,
Their failing vision for its shore they strained,
Emerging brightly from the purple haze.

They found it never. Old and weary men,
A friendly shore received their feet at last;
Where, waiting for the death so longed for, then,
The peaceful evening of their life was passed.

And yet the vision of their youth was true;
For here, beneath the blue midsummer skies,
The airs of Heaven my fainting hopes renew,
And I have found "The Earthly Paradise."

PETERBORO HOSPITALITY.

The hospitality of Peterboro was such that occasions when the family were entirely by themselves were rare. As long as there were Indians in the country they frequently came and were made welcome in the ample, cheerful, comfortable kitchen. The family connections were numerous and the extensive business interests of the master of the domain made an additional host of acquaintances and friends. His interest in the church, in education, in missionary enterprises, in reform movements, largely increased the number of his associates. He had a host of political friends and of political opponents who yet were his friends. It is no wonder, in view of the great number of people who were reached by Gerrit Smith's influence, that there should have been a pretty constant procession and recession of arriving and departing guests.

Sometimes they came by invitation and with foreknowledge; oftener without fore-warning. Now the people were of like sympathies and opinions with their hosts; again they were of the most contradictory views, drawn thither by the attraction of opposition. From the year 1838, possibly a little earlier, mysterious visitors often were received, harbored secretly for a resting spell of hours or days, or sent in haste on their way after having their needs supplied, as circumstances directed. These were the fugitive slaves on their way to Canada, "where colored folks were free," to whom Gerrit Smith was a true sort of divine providence, and his home an always available city of refuge.

A register of the mansion's guests during the lifetime of Gerrit Smith would show the names of scores of men and women of eminence and influence in American life, with not a few persons of like character from the other shores of the Atlantic. The piazzas, the parlors, the dining-room were familiar with high and earnest discourse on every theme connected with the interests of humanity. Nor was conversation in lighter vein lacking. Mr. Smith and his wife, equally concerned with serious subjects, were delightfully gifted with humor, and he had few equals as a conversationalist. The presence of their children gave that sunny atmosphere and that exuberance of life that serve to complete the metamorphosis of the dwelling-place into the home. Later their grandchildren maintained this delightful atmosphere. And there was usually a flock of nieces, nephews and other youthful kindred and friends included in the home circle.[5]

Mr. Smith employed a teacher for his children when they were young, and when they were older they were sent away to private schools. The first governess in the household was Miss Abigail Wickham, who became a member of the household in 1829, and remained until May, 1832. Her successor was Miss Caroline Freedom King, who took up her abode in the generous and hospitable home in the summer of 1832, and continued to reside there and instruct his two children, Elizabeth and Fitzhugh, until the end of spring, 1835. Elizabeth was approaching ten years of age when she came under Miss King's charge and Fitzhugh was nearing eight. There was a third child, Ann, "little Nanny," as she was affectionately called, not quite two years old at the date of Miss King's arrival, who passed to heaven just before that loving friend of children went away. Several other children, relatives of the family, were members of Miss King's school in the home.

(To be continued)

[5]From Gerrit Smith's Diary, Nov. 11, 1839: "I will here remark that, in the course of Providence, three sets of children, besides our own, have been members of my family, viz., the eight children of my sister, the children of James G. Birney and of my brother Peter."

NEXT SUNDAY.

Mr. Speeds will clean his auto,
Mr. Spurrs will groom his horse,
Mr. Gadds will go to Coney
With the little Gadds, of course.
Mr. Flite will put carbolic
On his homing pigeons' perch,
Mr. Weeds will mow his bluegrass,
Mr. Jones will go to church.

Mr. Hett will test his furnace,
Mr. Feete will mend a chair,
Mrs. Feete will soak her bunion,
Mrs. Hett will wash her hair,
Miss De Spill, with iron and cleaner,
Will remove a coffee smirch.
Miss McBird will practice trilling,
Mrs. Brown will go to church.

Mr. Cleek will drive a golf ball,
Mr. Tiller steer his boat,
Mr. Popper on his cycle
Round and round the state will mote.
Mr. Swat will watch a ball game,
Mr. Stake and son will search
Through the bosky wood for mushrooms,
Mr. Wilks will go to church.

Do you ask me what's the matter?
Do you wonder what is wrong
When the nation turns from worship,
Sermon, prayer, and sacred song?
Why do people rush for pleasure,
Leave religion in the lurch?
Why prefer a padded auto
To a cushioned pew in church?

Reader, well I know the answer,
But if I should speak aloud
What I think's the real reason,
It would queer me with the crowd.
You'll be popular, dear reader,
When you wield the critics birch,
You'll be safely in the fashion
If you blame things on the Church.

Newark Evening News.

The oldest living member of the medical profession in the whole world has completed his hundredth year. And thirty of those years were spent in no less trying a climate than that of India. Surgeon-Major H. B. Hinton was born at Portsmouth in 1813, and began his medical studies at the London Hospital in 1832. For several years past he has been living in South Australia. He can read without glasses and is in full possession of his mental faculties. As to the habits of life which have secured him his hale longevity, it may be noticed that he is a small eater, almost a teetotaler and absolutely a non-smoker.

THE STUDY TABLE

Winding Up the Book Year

From *Macmillans* I am in receipt of the Life of Florence Nightingale, by Sir Edward Cook. This is the biography of the woman that is to be; not the noisy, restless feminine who is anxious to be as near as possble of the male sex; but the woman who brings over into the modern the modesty and the resolution of the old Puritan mothers who begat the Adams and the Washingtons and the Jeffersons; the woman who will take up the burdens of the coming years and achieve them in partnership with men. There is no reason for supposing that we are unsexing woman, or that she is unsexing herself, because she has the privilege of putting a ballot in the box, and thereby expressing her opinion in one way or more than her mothers did. I imagine suffrage is to have very little effect after it is well in operation—that is effect on the woman herself—although it will undoubtedly affect very greatly public decisions on good roads and saloons and so forth. Women are far more executive than men, and I think that giving them the ballot will carry forward our social problems with astounding rapidity. Miss Nightingale foreshadowed the work of her sex at least one hundred years. The two volumes which comprise the work are readable in the highest degree. They do not show us a woman who cared for anything but to execute and achieve. In religious affairs you might call her orthodox, a good deal as Darwin was orthodox. When it came to a choice between the orthodox heaven and hell Miss Nightingale had no hesitation in choosing the place where she could be better occupied than sitting around for the angels to wait upon. I do not undertake any review of the book, farther than to say every well wisher of the human race should know intimately the worth and work of Florence Nightingale.

How many of you have bought the International Year Book, published by *Dodd, Mead & Co.?* It is one of those books that cover a whole library, including biography and history and scientific progress and industrial development. It is hard work to keep up with the times, but the most we can ask of a work of this sort is accuracy, and freedom from sectarian or party bias. Some of our old cyclopedias are as full as a nutshell of bigotry, which it is their aim to perpetuate. This work of Dodd, Mead & Co. is a thoroughly good photograph or moving picture of the years. I think that it is possibly the very best book to put in the hands of the young folks. It is intensely readable, and the style is not "cyclopedic." The volume for 1912, I have noted once or twice; but looking over my book pile I believe it deserves this additional record.

We note with pleasure that the *Tribune Farmer,* after a score of years of individual work, has been merged into the *Rural New Yorker.* A good deal more of this merging should go on, and as soon as possible we should have authoritative journals of agriculture for each section of the country, embodying and keeping pace with the latest investigations of our experiment stations. It would be better, in many ways, if we had one central journal, published by the Department at Washington; but this would be unwise if not impossible, as the different sections of our country, requiring separate instruction, would make a magazine quite too bulky. At any rate let the merging go on, and the struggle to live be eliminated.

I am in receipt of a superb copy of "Excursions," by Thoreau. I do not know which of Thoreau's books most to esteem, perhaps this very one, which is the latest to appear in the superb edition edited by Clifton Johnson. It contains thirty-three full page photographic illustrations. Among these I find some that are almost as good as the text. Say what we will of half a dozen of our later naturalists, there is not one among them, not even John Muir, who fills his books so full of a spirit of understanding Nature. Thoreau opens his essay on Walking by saying that he wishes to speak a word for absolute "freedom and wildness." He thinks there are champions of civilization enough, "from the minister to the school committee;" what he wants is to get rid of formalized culture. I remember with delight a chatty hour, when Emerson told me how much he loved "our boy," as he called Thoreau. I should have jotted down what he said at the time, but forgot it all in his earnest request that I would go to Cambridge and edit the manuscripts that the "boy" had left. This has been undertaken since, most adequately I presume, and down here in Florida, among the lakes and pines and oranges, I can hardly think of anything I would more like than one hour a day with Thoreau. Such men ought not to die. This volume should of course be taken with its predecessors, and enjoyed according as you are able to enjoy anything of the kind. It would make a superb Christmas present, but no one can have it. It is one of the things that stays by me, the gift of 1913. It is published by *T. Y. Crowell Company,* and in their best style.

The *Macmillan Company* have sent me the latest volume of Albert Edwards' "Sketches of North Africa—Along the Barbary Coast." This is a beautiful volume, and I am enjoying it, a little at a time, when I can digest it. The author has a capital power of description. Without it he never could have written Comrade Yetta. Anyone who wants a book easy to read, and yet well packed with interest, will find this Barbary Coast book just the thing. You will find in this book, or I have found a good deal of illumination, of Musselmanism. One of his Barbary friends tells the author: "You are shocked at our harem. Well, we are shocked at the sexuality of your life. You are eternally surrounded by women indecently clad. It is disgusting, the way your women show themselves. You are also slaves to *things.* It is your fury to accumulate Things; you miss the realities of life." The book is a good one and well worth the while.

From the same house I get "Tide Marks," by Margaret Westrup. There is in this book a freshness and novelty, connected with its locality. It will prove very readable, although it is not what we would set down as a really great production.

E. P. Powell.

To secure a merit badge in forestry, boy scouts are required, among other things, to identify 25 kinds of trees.

Books of Highest Rank

On the table lies, from the *University of Chicago Press,* "London in English Literature," by Prof. Percy H. Boynton. This is a chapter in municipal history, a sort of history that has not received due attention. Either it has not been written at all, or it has been taken out of its relations to fill gaps in general history. We need histories of our civic growth, and we cannot get it in any other way than we have in this history of London. It is a capital idea worked out in admirable form. In consecutive form it gives us a table of contents: London in the time of Chaucer; with Shakespeare; with Milton; with Dryden and so on down until we come to the London of Dickens and Queen Victoria, and the London that now is. The illustrations are exactly what they ought to be. I opened the book expecting to find it loaded down with quotations, but have been happily disappointed to find the style strong, illustrative, and full of flavor. In fact the literature is made to illustrate and not lay over the history. "London in English Literature" is one of the most attractive books that I have seen during the present holidays.

From *Macmillans* I am in receipt of one of those complete books of science, that are fit to serve up to the public, while admirable as handbooks for students. It is "A History of Land Mammals in the Western Hemisphere," by William B. Scott of Princeton University. The preface is fascinating because it describes the origin of Princton work in the Bad Lands of the West. There is a reference to predecessors, whom I take to be Edward Cope, and the Haydn Expedition. Cope used all his wonderful investigations to illustrate the progress of thought and theology, giving us some of the most magnificent work to demonstrate Darwinism. His Origin of Species stands at the head of all literary and scientific work done in this country, for its thorough investigations, its profound thought and masterful analysis, combined with synthesis of investigation. It is wonderful how much the earth has been compelled to give up to us of the life history of ages past; and nowhere more freely and fully than in the Wyoming paleontological treasures. I am constantly tempted, while reading this book of Dr. Scott, to refer back to my friend Cope; but there is no call for any comparison between the work of the two authors. This book is fascinating, not only for its scientific accuracy and historical value, but because the unlearned may read with joy, and may easily get one of the best illustrations of evolution ever penned. But how can one review this book without getting into the toils of argument. It is one of those very nearly complete productions, that I hope may be found on the table of the thinking readers of UNITY very generally.

E. P. POWELL.

"I often think that the two things above all others that have made men in all ages believe in immortality —apart, so far as we know, from any revelation save that which is written on the human heart—have been the broken loves and broken friendships of the world.

"Men could not believe that this young life, broken off so suddenly, was done forever. It suggested its own continuance. Instinctively friendship triumphed over the grave. Love was too strong for death."

—*Phillips Brooks.*

CORRESPONDENCE

Bergson Again

OPINION OF A SWEDISH PHILOSOPHER.

Editor of UNITY:—

In the controversy now going on concerning Bergson's theory of knowledge, allow me to put before your readers some thoughts on that theory by Hans Larsson, professor of Theoretic Philosophy at the University of Lund, Sweden, taken from a pamphlet he wrote last year and entitled, "The Intuition Problem—with special regard to the theory of Henri Bergson."

By way of introducing these thoughts let me say that Professor Larsson has given much time to the study of intuition and written two books thereon, in addition to the one just mentioned, one entitled, "Intuition" (1892), and another, "The Logic of Poetry," (1899).

Hans Larsson agrees with Bergson in claiming the foremost place for intuition in man's acquirement of knowledge. By means of intuition, properly understood, man can get a clearer and more comprehensive view of reality than by any other means.

But the Swedish philosopher entirely disagrees with Bergson in his contention that the intellect and the laws of logic are set aside in acts of intuition; that instinct alone here is at work. Hans Larsson holds that intellect and instinct both are engaged in such acts and that the laws of logic, far from being ignored, are here applied in a stricter and finer way than the usual —a fact that will clearly appear at a careful analysis of genuine poetry, one of the products of the intuitive faculty. (Such a careful analysis Hans Larsson himself has undertaken in his book "The Logic of Poetry.")

Of the specific charges Bergson makes against the manner and the results of the workings of the intellect, Hans Larsson asserts that they all might have been made *by the intellect itself.* (By the intellect, the professor here means the whole of our usual cognitive faculties, including the power of observation.)

Hans Larsson is afraid of the methodical consequences of Bergsonism. I quote: "From Bergsonism issues the exhortation: Cut loose from logic. I say: Be more strict with logic. As I look at the matter, we must overcome the coarse logic with a finer logic. According to Bergson, we must flee from the coarse logic to a vague beholding. Confused fanatics will make use of the exemption. There is no more need of giving reasons. One simply says: I see, I believe. Not only as concerns God and the universe but also as concerns peace and war and human rights and protective tariffs and the honor of one's neighbor."

So far Hans Larsson.

If, in conclusion, I should state my own humble opinion about the contention of these two philosophers, I would say that I side with Hans Larsson—not because we are of the same nationality, but because I believe he is right.

AUGUST DELLGREN.

ASPIRATION

Learn this, O youth, and let who will be blinder,
That golden truths await thee all day long,
Of man, of earth, star; and that real endeavor
Makes life one brave, sweet song.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

THE HOME

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MISS KATHERINE JONES, THE WINDERMERE, 1614 E. 56TH ST., CHICAGO.

Helps To High Living

SUN.—From envy, hatred and malice, and all uncharitableness,
Good, Lord, deliver us!

MON.—Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.

TUES.—To do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.

WED.—O God, who art the author of peace and lover of Concord, whose service is perfect freedom.

THURS.—An outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace.

FRI.—Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory.

SAT.—The glorious company of the Apostles, the goodly fellowship of the Prophets, the noble army of Martyrs, praise Thee!

—Book of Common Prayer.

CURLY-WIG AND DIMPLE-CHEEK.

Curly-Wig and Dimple-cheek
Haven't been away a week,
But how very long it seems!—
Longest week I've ever known!
All at once the house has grown
Silent as a house of dreams!

Dimple-cheek and Curly-wig
Really aren't so very big—
Both, in fact, are very small,
But the space they fill—dear me!
Now they're gone, there seems to be
Nothing in the world at all!

Nobody to come and tap,
Interrupting Grandma's nap;
Nobody to come and plead
"'Tory!" when I want to read;
Nobody to linger near—
"May I help you, Farver-dear?"
Nobody to spill the ink,
Or to streak my desk with jam—
Really what a goose I am
To be sorry, don't you think?

Curly-wig and Dimple-cheek
Will be home again next week;
But how slowly, slowly pass
All the hours of every day
While my darlings are away!
Hurry home, wee lad and lass!
Or I'll have to go and seek
Curly-wig and Dimple-cheek!

St. Nicholas. *—Robert Emmet Ward.*

Ancient Seeds Infertile

In the November, 1913, issue of this magazine there was illustrated and described some extraordinarily tall corn which was grown at Downer's Grove, Ill., during the past summer. Through a typographical error it was made to appear that this corn averaged 40 ears to the stalk. This was not the case, as the total number of ears on the nine stalks shown in the picture was 40, one stalk bearing but one ear and the other eight bearing 39 ears among them.

According to the belief current among several Illinois farmers who have grown corn from the same strain of seed, the original seed was found in an Indian mound in Colorado by an exploring party from the Smithsonian Institution. The Smithsonian Institution, however, has no record of such a discovery, while scientists now discredit all accounts of the germination of seeds that have been kept for any considerable period of years. The belief that "mummy" wheat," found in the tombs of ancient Egypt, has sprouted and developed after thousands of years is a persistent one, but is now classed with the divining rod, the hoop snake and other similar popular beliefs that have no foundation in fact.

Popular Mechanics.

Washington's Old Survey Found Correct

In protecting the headwaters of navigable streams under the forest reserve law, the government is surveying lines in the Appalachian Mountains where George Washington ran his famous boundaries for Lord Fairfax in pre-Revolutionary days. In 1751, Washington, then nineteen years of age, surveyed the line which was to divide Augusta and Frederick Counties, Virginia. According to the organic act for the formation of these counties, it was required that the line should run straight from the head spring of the Hedgman River, one of the sources of the Rappahannock, to the head spring of the Potomac. It was first necessary to get the approximate course by building bonfires on the intervening high points. Then, starting from the top of the Massanutten Mountains, the line was run straightaway to the northwest. In what is known today as West Virginia a large rock marks the southwest corner of Garrett County, Maryland, and the southeast corner of Preston County, West Virginia. This is known as the Fairfax Stone, and is one of the landmarks mentioned in Washington's notes. Washington, of course, used a simple compass, yet the new governmental survey, made with high-power transits and all the refined and accurate methods of modern surveying, has found but little variation, so carefully was the line run originally.

Popular Mechanics.

A THANKSGIVING PARTY.

Thanksgiving Day I had some friends
To dinner, five in all.
I spread my table in the yard;
My guests were very small.

Miss Chickadee quite early came,
Dressed all in black and gray.
A woodpecker flew to her side,
Red-capped, with neck-band gay.

Pert Mr. Nuthatch next arrived,
A gymnast of renown.
He could do stunts on any tree
With head or up, or down.

Miss Sparrow then came, smartly dressed
In pretty mottled brown;
And last of all a squirrel gray
From home in squirrel town.

When all my friends had found a place
At my Thanksgiving board,
They made a very charming sight,
And I could well afford

To give them all that they could eat,
For I knew in the spring
They'd be my unpaid foresters,
And gaily work and sing.

Exchange. *—Helen M. Richardson.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

THE STUDENT VOLUNTEERS.

The big-hearted hospitality of Kansas City was tested recently to the utmost. Its hotels, street cars, private homes and mammoth convention hall, with many annexes, were full to overflowing with an army of young folks whose faces and voices betokened the enthusiasm, the high purpose inspiring their presence there. The city press did its more than best to help in the effort to house the multitude, to raise the $12,500 required for expenses, and to keep its readers informed of the lines of work to be forwarded by the great convention of those interested in the "Student Volunteer Movement."

That movement originated through the initiative of D. L. Moody in 1886 at a conference of Christian College students. It has meetings once in four years, the session of the past month being the seventh.

Its full name is the "Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions," and its object is "To awaken and maintain among all Christian students of the United States and Canada intelligent and active interest in foreign missions," and to prepare prospectively men and women for service in foreign mission fields. In other words, as one of their writers puts it: "It is a recruiting agency for the church militant on foreign mission lines." Each student volunteer signs the bond of union or "declaration" of the movement, which is as follows:

"It is my purpose, if God permit, to become a foreign missionary."

Not less than one thousand qualified missionaires are expected to be recruited from among the volunteer college students each year.

Your correspondent has offered so much by way of explanation because she early discovered that while nobody who knew of this splendid body of energetic young people could fail to be interested in its activities, whatever they might be, if only because of the personnel of the movement, yet there prevailed a very substantial ignorance as to the concrete details, the underlying object of its work.

The question has been in the air for many days, "What is the Student Volunteer movement? What line of service do they follow?"

The above at least partly answers this query, and to many, many good folks it is an all-sufficient answer. And yet one can hardly help thinking that to some of the readers of UNITY another question will obtrude itself. What about the harvest crying for laborers lying right under the shadow of the colleges which form the component parts of this splendid machine, already assembled, in fine running order and lubricated with the oil of devotion; to say nothing of the larger world outside the immediate environment of those walls, but still within touch of hand and sound of voice of these enthusiastic seekers for the opportunity of service? What about their lonesome and homesick neighbors, others who are flippant and coarse in language, others who are weak in will, poorly nourished in body and in spirit, whose standards of morals and religion need constant reinforcing?

The first impression is that we would fain see these splendid possibilities of service nearer home utilized—for they are splendidly potent and the world sorely needs just such helps and helpers.

The pivot upon which the whole convention turned was Dr. John R. Mott, who is called the Father of the Movement, a man who has sacrificed much of personal opportunity for aggrandisement in order to remain in the work of forwarding this world-wide movement. The methods of running the convention were unique, in that the details of the program, the names of the speakers,—with few exceptions,—and the lines of routine work were not given out in advance, were not even known to the general officers, but were kept in the breast of the chosen leader, Mr. Mott, to be promulgated at his discretion alone.

The half hour before the convention was like any other half hour of assembled college enthusiasm and rivalry. College yells rent the air, college songs drowned each other out, college societies wildly waived banners and tried to outdo each other in noisy demonstration.

In the midst of this pandemonium Dr. Mott stepped to the desk and brought down the gavel. Inside of thirty seconds the hall was perfectly silent, ten thousand eyes were turned with concentrated attention upon their beloved leader, and every young face shown with the ardor of consecration to high ideals as he told them of the boundless opportunity of this generation of students. This atmosphere of religious emotion, subdued and repressed, prevailed throughout the sessions of the convention, and only when the opportunity was given to relieve this pent-up enthusiasm in song could one realize what it all meant to these young people. How they did sing those grand old hymns, "How Firm a Foundation" and "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing," and what a devotional spirit pervaded the moments of silent prayer.

No attempt can be made to follow the course of the five days general sessions, with all sorts of sectional conferences in which the missionary needs of foreign lands were considered, and impassioned appeals for help received from natives and returned missionaries.

That these appeals were not made in vain was demonstrated by the fact that within ten minutes, at one evening session, subscriptions were received, many of them promised for a series of years in advance, to the amount of over $113,000.

The numerous speakers heard during the week comprised the cream of well-known leaders in foreign mission fields of the world, including Dr. J. Ross Stevenson of Boston, Dr. Robert Forman Horton of London, England, Dr. Samuel M. Zwemer, credited as being the world's first authority on Mohammedanism, Miss Mary E. Burton of Chicago, author of a well-known book on Chinese women, Dr. Shaler Mathews of the University of Chicago, Dr. Charles R. Henderson of the same university, Dr. Robert E. Speer of New York City and Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan. A. L. K.

"BLEEDING KANSAS."

F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture, sent out a little Christmas statement of Kansas prosperity, which included these bewildering figures:

Grand total, farm products and live stock	$507,135,554
Increase of values over 20 years ago	315,040,909
The state's assessed valuation	2,809,069
Cash in Kansas banks September, 1913	207,608,413

Under the "withering blight" of prohibition, the value of farm products alone in Kansas has doubled, and fifty-seven millions of dollars besides.

The assessed valuation of the state has arisen to the astounding total of nearly three billions of dollars.

No wonder that Mr. Coburn follows these figures with this little benediction:

"Kansans can rightly be thankful that their lot is cast in a commonwealth so enviable, and where nature is so prodigal with all that tends to the prosperity and well-being of a progressive civilization. Where just laws prevail, alike for women and men, and have impartial enforcement, regardless of nationality, color, creed, sex or situation. Where the individual finds his true measure and is rated by his worth rather than by pretentions or ancestry; and where every avenue to advancment is open even to the humblest, through which rank and fortune are attainable to each according to his deserts."

Now is the time for alcoholics to write some more about "bleeding Kansas"—as soon as they get over their Christmas debauch.

The American Issue.

SHE IS NOT A PERSON.

The highest court in England has decided that "a woman is not a person within the meaning of the Solicitors' Act of 1843," and therefore she cannot practice law. The court dismissed the appeal of Miss Gwyneth Marjorie Bebb, a graduate of Girton College, to require the Incorporated Law Society to admit her to the examination for admission to the bar. Without being examined by the society, she cannot be admitted, and the court has ruled that she cannot insist upon being allowed to take the examination. Women who had qualified themselves in medicine were likewise debarred from practice for years because the authorities refused to examine them. The court said of the young lawyer: "Doubtless the applicant is of superior education and intelligence to many males, but the court has nothing to do with that." The stubbornness of some Britons in yielding to the inevitable goes far to account for militancy.

"A little incident which happened in New Zealand is a good example of working with cause instead of effect,"

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says Miss Jessie Ackerman, lately back from her eighth tour around the globe. "When I went there the first time, twenty-two years ago, a man much interested in church work said he feared to have suffrage come, for it would stop the splendid work women were doing in the church, rescuing girls and saving slum children and drunken men. When I went back, women had the suffrage in New Zealand, and, incidentally, had shut up the saloons in sixteen provinces. I talked to the same man and asked him if suffrage had interfered with the work of the women in the churches. 'Yes,' he said, 'You see there is no need of the kind of church work they used to do. Suffrage has changed everything.'"

The Woman's Journal.

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH.

It is encouraging to all who believe in the church as a permanent and growing influence for righteousness to read the following words of Mr. Winston Churchill, from an interview with Rev. Herbert A. Jump of Redlands, California, as reported in the *Congregationalist*:

"Organized Protestantism today is somewhat like a ship temporarily in the possesion of mutineers. It began as an institution of the people; it is now an institution of the favored classes, but it will become again an institution of the people. This is demanded by its essential ideal and the gospel of its Founder. Many enthusiastic letters commending my story have come to me from Socialists. What does this mean but that a vast number of the socially serious minds of our age want the Church, if only it can be in truth a church of the people, by the people, for the people? The democratizing of the Church, moreover, will come from a more perfect appropriation of the message of Jesus. Some of the truth he uttered two thousand years ago is only now for the first time penetrating our consciousness. Probably there is more truth yet to come—like the light of distant stars that has been on the way to us for centuries, but is still far off. And even the philosophers are helping us to understand the Christ. Many of the new school of philosophers are building their universe on the point of view of the Nazarene."

The Danish Postmaster-General has had the happy thought of striking a coin with the legend, "The child seeing the light for the first time presents a tribute to the child who will never see it." The idea is to sell the coin, to be worn as a charm by the new born seeing child at such a price as the parents may choose to give for the help of the blind. It is a good thought, especially in its appeal to the imaginative sympathy of the growing child who will wear the token.

Exchange.

A man must, of course, be able to do without whatever is denied him; but when the heart is hungry for any honest thing, a man may use his honest endeavor to obtain that thing.

George MacDonald.

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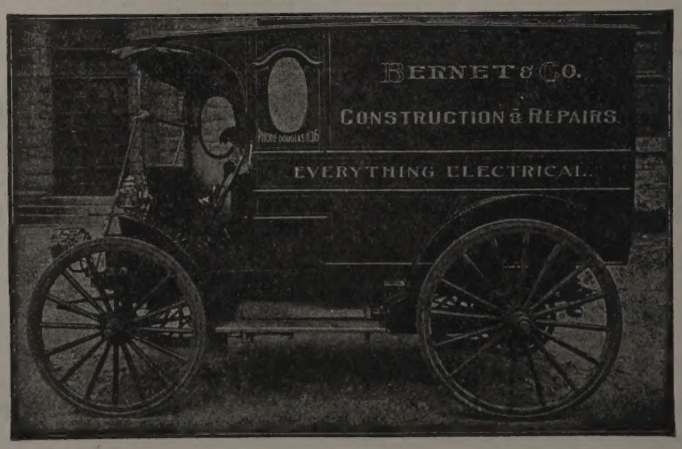

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